

THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
of
THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
presents

HELMUT BRAUSS
pianist

Sunday, February 25, 1973, at 8:30 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Arts Building

SONATA (1926) Béla Bartók

Allegro moderato
Sostenuto e pesante
Allegro molto

GASPARD DE LA NUIT (1908) Maurice Ravel

I. Ondine
II. Le Gibet
III. Scarbo

INTERMISSION

FANTASIA IN C MAJOR, OP. 17 Robert Schumann

Durchaus fantastisch und leidenschaftlich vorzutragen
Maestoso sempre con energia
Lento

Motto: Durch alle Töne tönet
Im bunten Erdenraum
Ein leiser Ton gezogen
Für den, der heimlich lauschet.
Fr. Schlegel

COMING EVENTS:

Tuesday, February 27, at 4:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall—Pianist Cheryl Cooney, third year Bachelor of Music student in the Department of Music, will give a recital of works by Beethoven, Chopin, Rachmaninoff and Francaix. Admission is free.

Wednesday, February 28, at 4:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall—Marsha Dolinsky, third year Bachelor of Music student in the Department of Music, will give a piano recital. Admission is free.

Tuesday and Wednesday, March 6 and 7, at 8:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall—The Department of Music is presenting Monteverdi's "The Coronation of Poppea." This will be the Canadian premiere of the Raymond Leppard realisation of this opera which he prepared for Glyndebourne and Sadler's Wells. Alfred Strombergs and Rowland Holt Wilson, both Department of Music staff members, are music director and stage director respectively. Sets and properties will be designed by Lee Livingstone, graduate student in the Department of Drama. The cast is comprised of students from the Department of Music's Voice/Opera Division, supported by the Opera Chorus prepared by Assistant Professor of Music, David Stocker, and the St. Cecilia Orchestra conducted by Professor Strombergs. Tickets are \$2 for adults; \$1 for students and children, and will be available from Room 348, Arts Building, and at the door.

ONDINE

...I believed I heard
A vague harmony enchanting my sleep,
And about me expanded a sympathetic murmur
Of songs interspersed with a voice,
sad and tender.

"Listen!-- Listen!-- It is I, it is Ondine, who skims along the drops of water these sonorous diamonds of your window illuminated by the full rays of the moon; and here in a dress of watermarked silk, the lady of the castle who contemplates, from her balcony, the beautiful starred night and the beautiful sleeping lake."

"Each wave is a small nymph who swims in the stream and each stream is a path which twists towards my palace, and my palace is built of fluid, at the bottom of the lake in the triangle of fire, earth and air."

"Listen!-- Listen!-- My father beats the babbling water with a branch of green alder, and my sisters caress, with their arms of foam, the fresh isles of lilies and gladiolas, or mock the old and bearded willow who is line fishing."

Her song murmured, she begged me to accept her ring for my finger, to be the husband of Ondine (the nymph) and to visit, with her, her palace, to be king of the lakes.

And as I had answered her, that I loved a mortal, sullen and resentful, she shed several tears, gave a cry of laughter, and vanished in showers which streamed white, down the length of my blue windows.

THE GALLOWS

What do I see fluttering around this gibbet?

Ah! That which I hear, would it be the night wind which howls, or the hanged man who sighs on the suffering gibbet?

Would it be some cricket who sings, hidden in the moss and the sterile lichen,
which is worn by the woods in pity?

Would it be some fly hunting, blowing the horn around those ears dammed to the fanfare of victory?

Would it be some wasp who during his unequal flight cuts a bloody hair from his bald head?

Or would it be some spider who embroiders a half aune of chiffon to make a tie for this strangled neck?

It is the bell that rings to the walls of a town, under the horizon, and the carcass of the hanged man, who is bathed in the light of the setting sun.

SCARBO

He looks under the bed, in the fireplace, in the chest--
Nobody. He can't understand how he entered, or how he escaped.

Oh, so many times I have heard and seen him, Scarbo, when at midnight the moon shines in the sky like a silver ecu on a banner of azure sprinkled with golden bees.

Oh, so many times I have heard the hum of his laughter in the shadow of my alcove, and the scratching of his fingernail on the silk of the curtains of my bed.

Oh, so many times I have seen him descend to the floor, pirouette around the bedroom like a bobbin fallen from the distaff of a sorcerer.

I believed him, then, vanished? The dwarf expanded between the moon and I, as the spire of a gothic cathedral, a small golden bell tinkling from his pointed cap.

But very soon his corpse became blue, diaphrous as the wax of a candle, his face blanched as the wax of a taper, and suddenly he was extinguished.

(Translation by Prof. A. Thomas)

